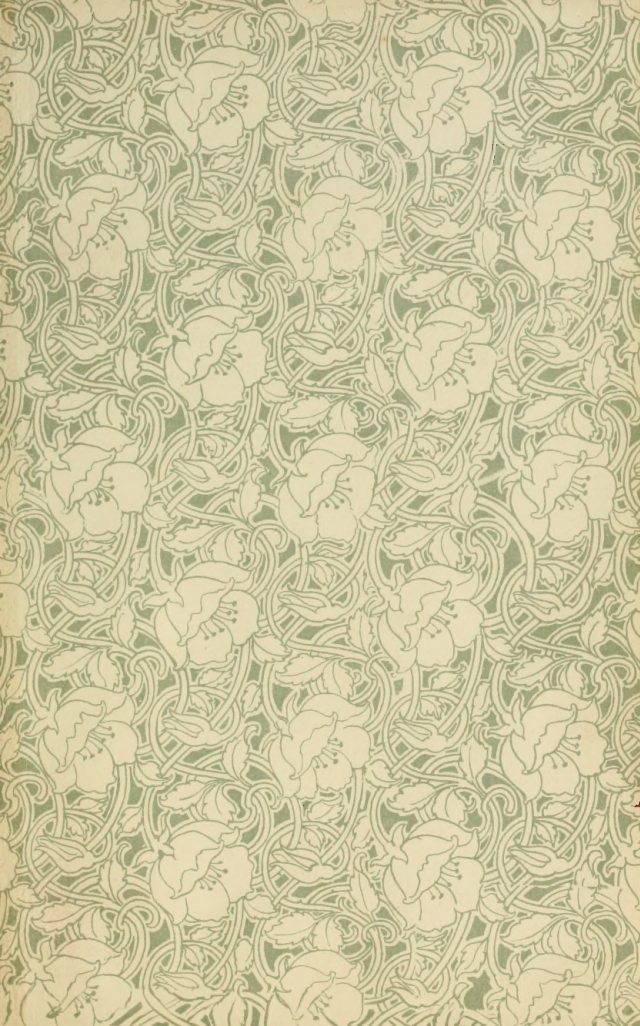




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# Traditions of the Morrisons.

## *Legend of the Morrison's Badge.*

*(Driftwood on the Sea-shore).*

**W**ET sons of the MacGhillie Mhoire,  
Learn from the driftwood on the shore,  
Badge of the Morrison Clan :

"Sgeod-Cladach," in the ancient tongue  
That thrills the heart when said or sung,  
Of every Highlandman.

Highlands and Islands hear it still  
By deep, dark loch, on heath clad hill,  
The Gaelic still is heard,  
Nach abaire sinn, Ma's e'ur toil è ?  
Slainte math uille, Health to ye,  
Who understand the word.

Not doubtless, has the tale been told  
That a Norse Prince in days of old  
Sailed o'er the Northern Sea ;  
But winds and waves his course did check ;  
And his brave barque became a wreck,  
Though safe to shore came he.

Part of the wreck was cast on shore  
Bearing thereon, Mac Vurich Mhoire,  
His children and his wife,  
And ever since that shipwreck scene  
The driftwood on the shore has been  
An emblem of our life.

And when they leave these sea girt Isles  
In hope to win, Dame Fortune's smiles  
In other lands afar.  
There must they guard their good old name  
And keep it ever free from blame  
Guided by Morning's Star.

That Star guides all to noble ends,  
That Star makes all old foes new friends,  
MacAulays, and MacLeods,  
All clansmen now, join hand in hand,  
And, "Auld Lang Syne," in ev'ry land,  
Is sung by countless crowds.

Success to all of Highland Blood  
But rather than be great ; be good,  
Hughes, Hectors, Kodricks, Ronalds,  
Good luck to our old staunch allies  
May He who knits all human ties  
Bless all our brave Macdonalds ! ! !

Shoulder to shoulder, may we stand  
In this, and every other land,  
As we have stood of yore ;  
When from our old Glen Morriston,  
MacDonald marched with Morriston,  
Flash'd forth each keen clagmore.

Of that brave Prince's stock,  
Shoredrift, to Morrisons, bears hope  
That they may with fierce tempests cope  
And, yet, may gain the rock

And scale it as was scaled the Ness  
Of Lewis Isle, yet, ne'ertheless,  
Not without pain the climb ;  
For he who fain would mount a height  
Must struggle hard, with all his might  
That he may climb in time.

Again, it teaches that o'er seas,  
Far from the well lov'd Hebrides,  
'Thouh Morrisons may roam,  
'They must have hope, and hearts uplift,  
'That, to whatever shores they drift,  
'They'll make friends, and a home.

For if all Morrisons abroad,  
Returned to dwell on parent sod,  
'They'd sink it neath their weight.  
'The Clan has spread on every hand,  
O'er Britain, and each British land,  
To knock at ev'ry gate

That heads each road to wealth and fame,  
—'Tis with all Highland Clans the same.  
'They're spread, although upbroken ;  
Culloden's day but paved the way  
For clansmen's ships, in every bay,  
Like driftwood, Gillmore's token.

Crossing all seas, found on all shores,  
Not only are MacGillemares,  
But all the clans once kilted,  
Though some still bide in the old place,  
The Highland cradle of our race  
Whose forefathers have built it.

Went forth to meet the foe ;  
Without a fear or thought of aught,  
But how the battle might be fought  
And foemen all laid low.

The name, "Glen Morrison," still stands,  
Although the land to other hands  
Long years ago, has passed,  
Clansmen with clansmen fight no more  
Now peace around Loch Ness's shore  
Reigns, and long may it last.

With Campbells, Grants, MacKays, Munros,  
And other clans, may peace repose  
Let time past bury frenzies  
That in the by-gone days uprose,  
But let us ere these lines we close  
Failte, our friends, MacKenziez ! ! !

God bless the dear old Fraser Clan,  
God bless each gallant Highlandman  
Who nobly does his duty,  
Who through life's fight upholds what's right,  
Increasing in that glorious light  
That shows brave men, true beauty.

Na mara, living by the sea,  
(Like Scotland's Saint of Galilee,  
Who cast the net of yore).  
We hope that o'er time's troubl'd foam,  
Wave drifted, all may reach The Home,  
On The Eternal Shore.

RIDDELL MORRISON.

Senior Chaplain to the Forces,

Southern District

Gosport.

May 25th, 1890.











































